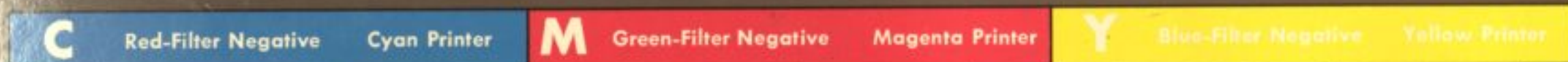
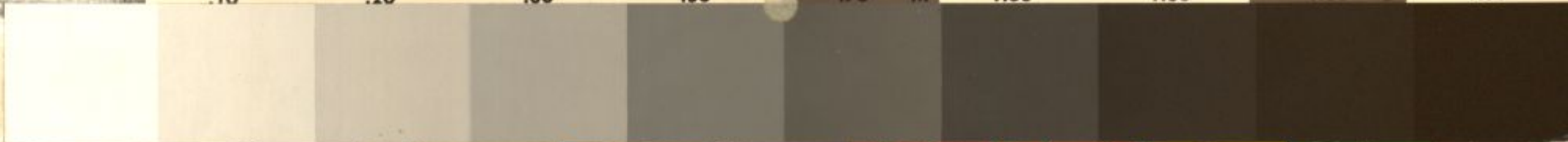


KODAK GRAY SCALE



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Poetry by LONGFELLOW. Issued in the United States by kind permission of Messrs. J. R. OSGOOD & Co., Publishers.

Music composed by B. HOBSON CARROLL.

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POCAHONTAS: A TALE OF OLD VIRGINIA

TOLD BY JAMES H. HARRIS

POCAHONTAS:

A Tale of Old Virginia.

POCAHONTAS: A TALE OF OLD VIRGINIE.

TOLD IN VERSE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

I.

Come hither, thou, our wingèd steed,
And fit thee for a flight,
We mean to blow our oaten reed
On Yankee land to-night.
To march with royal rhyming foot,
Where Raleigh learned, they say,
To whiff the weed and raise the root
We prize so high to-day!

II.

Where all for her, his Virgin Queen,
The lands he called and claimed,—
Poor Raleigh!—how he closed his scene,
Needs hardly here be named!
He had his day, for good or ill,
Whereof remains, we know,
For good or ill, a remnant still—
Eh, pipe of mine?—heigh-ho!

III.

Enough!—from him and his we pass,
Premising, by the way,
We're in the land where he, I guess,
Had been as safe to stay!
And from what's "ole Virginie," now,
We pluck the veiling years,
Till young *Virginia's* savage brow
With all its scars appears!

IV.

And Jamestown Fort, and Captain Smith,
Arise upon our view,
Where English lads, of pluck and pith,
At times look rather blue!
For cold and want, and petty feuds,
And Indian treacherie,
Cut up with bloody interludes,
That infant colonie.

V.

Till, like some streak of tinted light,
That sheds a soothing sheen,
Where all is drear, or almost night,
An Indian maid is seen!
Young Pocahontas, she whose name
Like sunlight sheets our song—
I wot, along the aisles of Fame
That name hath journey'd long!

VI.

A princess she, the fav'rite child
Of mighty Powhattan;
Oh, ne'er, where flowers were bright as wild,
Was brighter seen by man!
But, Powhattan?—ah, well! we know,
From many a scraggy tree,
A pleasant bough, at times may grow
And blossom fair to see!

VII.

Old Pow *had* ways, if one *must* tell,
"Good Templars" wont admire:
In sooth, such streams he loved too well
As largely smacked of fire!
Some other weaknesses he showed—
We call them such!—in fine,
He loved a *row*; and, when he could,
On some fat friend to dine!

VIII.

In sooth, his love for human ham,
And morsels in that way,
Was such, or half we say's but sham,
As, sometimes, stept astray—
And yet, as oft regained its feet,
By logic which implied,
That friendship never tastes so sweet,
As when the friend is *fried*!

IX.

Which learnèd view still suits a few,
In fifty forms to-day!
But, Jamestown Fort we've here anew,
Let's view it on our way!
A rugged spot, this, sure enough,
And colonized, we see,
With smoother some, and some as rough
As soldiers well can be.

X.

Brave fellows, though!—that Sergeant
A hero without guile, [Swaggs,
Though "not a man of boasts or brags!"
Doth swear—right *Flanders'* style!
"Our Captain's on a visit gone!"
Quoth he, "And, by—Pshaw!
If bring he not old Powhattan,
A pris'ner, beak and claw,

XI.

"Here's Swaggs, to squelch the varmint
Whatever hour ye will!— [breed,
Ye *know* one, Swaggs! *Not* ye, indeed—
His courage or his skill!
Why, see, my mates! by all—well, no!
You're right! I shall not swear!
But when in Holland—tally-ho!—
Ha! Swaggs was *KNOWN* out there!"

XII.

Well, valour is a gift, no doubt,
And easy to be borne;
But if we wait to hear this out,
Our patience might be worn.
So, we the Indian village seek,
Where, lo! in his wig-wam,
The grand old chief, serene and sleek,
Hath dreams of human ham!

XIII.

Beside him sits his friend, a *WHITE*,
'Tis Captain Smith, we know;
And Pocahontas, young and bright,
There glideth to and fro!
Without, and red as rising day,
An Indian youth appears,
Who, by the way, in love, they say,
Is over head and ears.

XIV.

A fearful way, 'twould seem, to die;
But taste, of course, is all!
I think, with Smith, we still should try
To give this Love the wall!
For oft gives he, with foul intent,
As to this youth we've seen,
Such sight as sees—if not askant—
What poets mean by "green!"

XV.

He seeth Smith, and, right or wrong,
His eye this green assumes,
Poor Smith! for *you* it wont be long,
His Prairie Flower blooms!
He knows the tastes of Powhattan,
Of Pocahontas, too,—
He knows himself not quite the man
To suit the maiden's view;

XVI.

And so he contemplates a roast
Of what, however good
As living man, when done as toast,
Should still be doubtful food.
So, Powhattan he whistles on—
"I'll tell you what," said he,
"I think we should link on the pan—
The fire's not bad, I see!"

XVII.

"For me, in fact, the thing is this—
I feel I need a snack;
And think I see one, not amiss,
Along that white man's neck!"
"Oh, happy thought!" said Powhattan,
Be scorned, the recreant day,
When Powhattan shall, as a man,
Say 'No!' unto his 'Tay!'"

XVIII.

So, straightway, on his braves he calls,
And, closing half an eye,
"I think, if nicely done, in smalls,
Yon friend of ours should fry!"
His braves a most approving nod
Upon their chief bestow,
And soon poor Smith, along the sod
Lies, waiting for the blow.

XIX.

And now, the clubs and tomahawks
Hang o'er the poor white man,
While, arms a-kimbo, stands or stalks,
Beside them, Powhattan.
The moment comes—the club is swung—
Is just about to fall,
When Pocahontas—oh, that tongue!
That bound—that maid—that all!

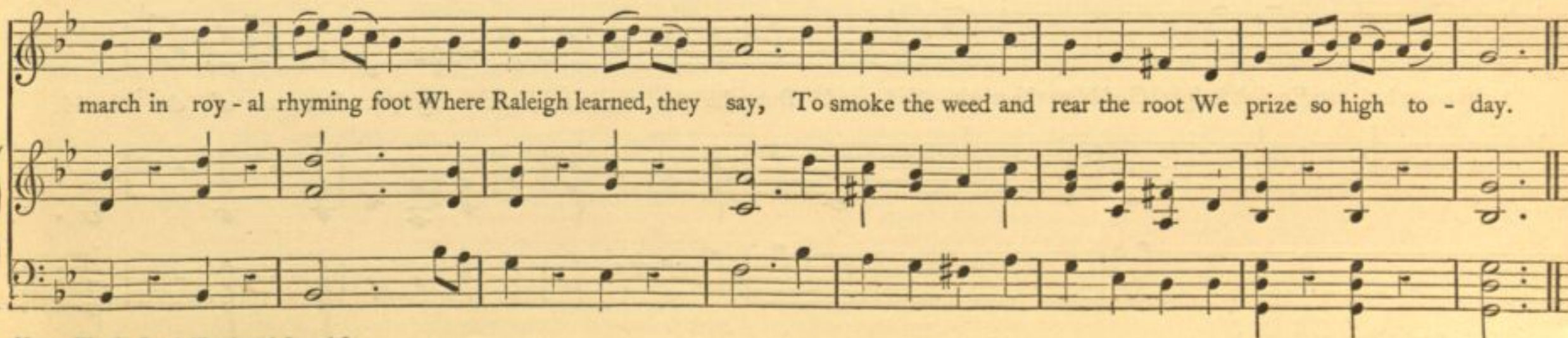
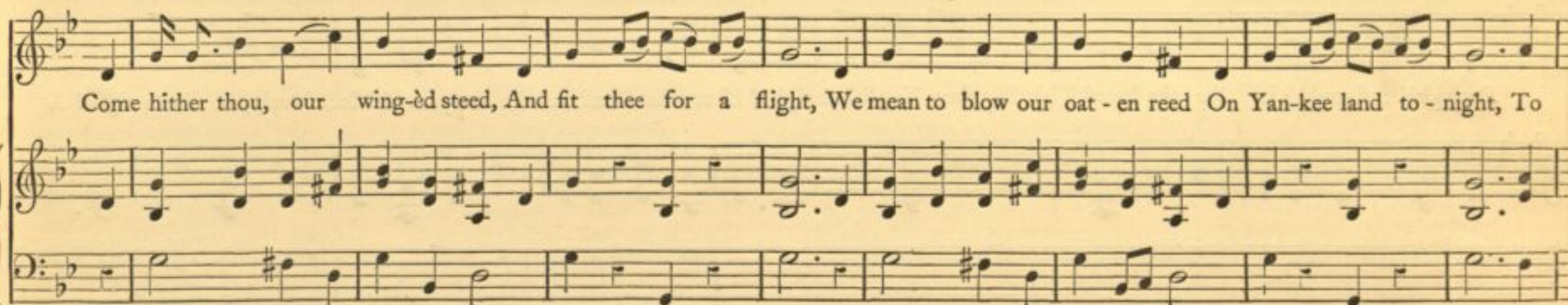
XX.

She flees, she shrieks, and shrieking flees,
And o'er the victim bends;
And, shielding him, upon her knees,
Her arm the maid extends.
"With Pocahontas, as thou wilt,
Be done!" she sternly said;
"But here is blood shall *not* be spilt—
This *white* man's heart is *red*!"

POCAHONTAS

A Tale of Old Virginie.

The Antient music, arranged by B. Hobson Carroll.



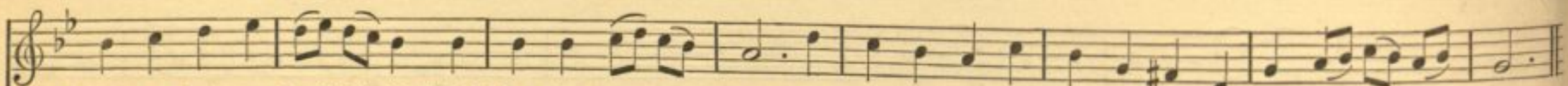
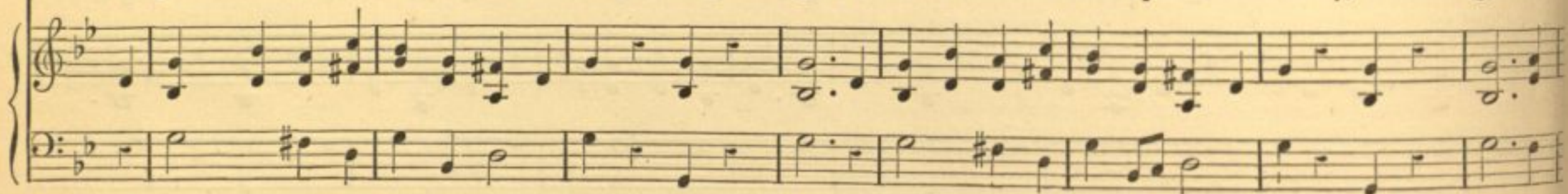
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POCAHONTAS

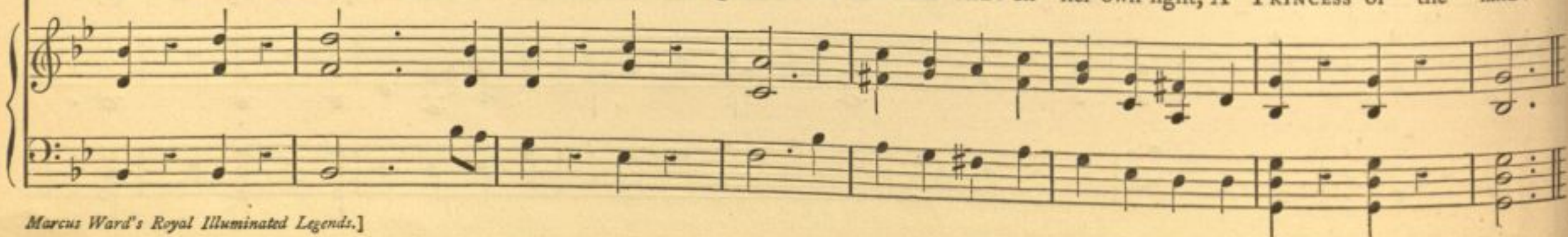
A Tale of Old Virginie.



Poor girl! and could it be she loved This haughty English knight? If so, what then? hath he been proved More lovely, in God's sight? A



knight was he! —an English knight! God bless the mark—'tis grand! But who was SHE? In her own light, A PRINCESS of the land!



POCAHONTAS: A TALE OF OLD VIRGINIE—*Continued.*

TOLD IN VERSE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

XXI.

Poor girl! and could it be she loved
This haughty English knight?
If so, what then? hath he been proved
More lovely, in God's sight?
A knight was he!—an English knight!
God bless the mark—'tis grand!
But who was *SHE*? In her own light,
A PRINCESS of the land!

XXII.

Away, away, with "if" and "and,"
We hold that man is man,
Nor more, nor less, howe'er he stand,
With knight or Powhattan!
And so, old Pow—who loved his child,
Besides a friend, to grill,
With appetite a little wild—
Was somewhat human still.

XXIII.

"Away!" said he, "we grant his life
To your misguided voice;
You yet may be a white man's wife—
To, maybe, rue your choice!"
Thus sentimental Pow had grown;
For us, we're not of mind,
In sentimental chat, alone,
To waste our honest wind!

XXIV.

So, turn to Jamestown Fort, I pray—
We can't forget our friends!
Though on our way, I grieve to say,
Are awkward odds and ends.
For instance, Smith set free, we find,
Has wrought the *Reds* despair:
They'll storm the Fort! Well, never mind,
One Sergeant Swaggs is there!

XXV.

We know he'll meet them, one for ten,
At least, he *swore* he would;
And surely we, as trustful men,
Believe whate'er we should!
A noble night for war or spree!
The moon is out, and lo!
A silver punch-bowl might she be,
For aught our neighbours know—

XXVI.

She shines so bright—so silvery white,
While stars of richest sheen,
Like golden goblets, left and right,
Complete the jovial scene!
Less *bright* beneath, the Council sits,
But wheels the bottle, free,
'Mong chiefs and braves, while rolls, by fits,
Some huge-voiced melodie!

XXVII.

And though the chiefs had dressed in haste,
Each brain its worth made clear,
And not alone its worth, but *taste*,
By aptly-regal gear!
And if some tastes dissentious be,
Our scullery bear the braid:
It aped to them our armourie,
On their most recent raid!

XXVIII.

Howe'er they're there, in royal state,
As, witness their attire:
Their very helmets—like one, of late—
Have been baptized with fire!
One brow from 'neath a saucepan beams,
Whose handle brooks it well;
If *it* but act the horn it seems,
Queer news it yet may tell!

XXIX.

Another wears what horns he may;
But royal Powhattan—
A broth-pot, grandly stuffed with hay,
Reveals the kingly man!
Well, what are they—or what are we—
As shaped by time and tide?
Oh, could we see through wall or tree,
There might be less to chide!

XXX.

For trees, as well as *walls*, have ears;
And every evil vow,
Perhaps, some Pocahontas hears,
As doth that maiden now!
But strangers we to King and Court,
'Twere best to move our legs;
And, now behold, we're at the Fort,
And here 's our noble Swaggs!

XXXI.

He sniffs a something in the wind—
Ah, well, he's well prepared;
O'er one to fear so bravely blind,
Our pity may be spared!
And still he straineth with those eyes,
Whene'er the branches shake,
Ye'd think his hair had tried to rise,
To keep itself awake!

XXXII.

A sound there steals along the gale—
The sound of sudden feet—
I did not think this Swaggs so pale,
When first our fate to meet!
Ah, well, at night, these northern airs
Are bleaching things, we know,
But Courage kills a thousand cares—
Now, Swaggs!—Ho-ho! Ho-ho!

XXXIII.

In vain—in vain! he's down like lead,
His feet are in the air;
The man—he surely is not dead!
Whatever dropped him there?
Behold, a red-skinned face there nears
The Fort, or outer wall—
'Tis Pocahontas' self appears—
A maiden, after all!

XXXIV.

Brave Swaggs he saw, and bravely thought
The Indians were around,
And how they might be better fought,
He'd gather from the ground.
Well, poets, some, I've heard them say,
Their jingles string in bed;
And may not Swaggs, as *brave* as they,
For study plank his head!

XXXV.

I know not did he e'er explain
What form of fight he planned;
But if he did my craven brain
Could hardly understand!
I only know, had I been Swaggs,
And dreams of danger there,
I'd, likely, too, have used my legs,
But—scarce so high in air!

XXXVI.

Howe'er, 'tis Pocahontas stands,
And soon her tale is told:
She telleth of the angry bands
About to storm the hold;
But Smith was not to be outdone
By Indian craft or guile—
The tale through many a stave might run—
Alternate tear and smile!

XXXVII.

But many staves, like many books,
Are weariness of brain;
So, many moons have crossed the brooks,
Yet Jamestown doth remain.
Yea, more, one eve, it looked as bright
As any English scene—
For Pocahontas, to a WHITE,
That morning wed had been!

XXXVIII.

And many a reeking pipe and dram
Went round both maid and man,
With never a sigh for human ham
From crump, old Powhattan!
From early morn till late at night,
They frisked it, heel and toe—
The bride, to Sergeant Swaggs' delight,
Still timing with her bow.

XXXIX.

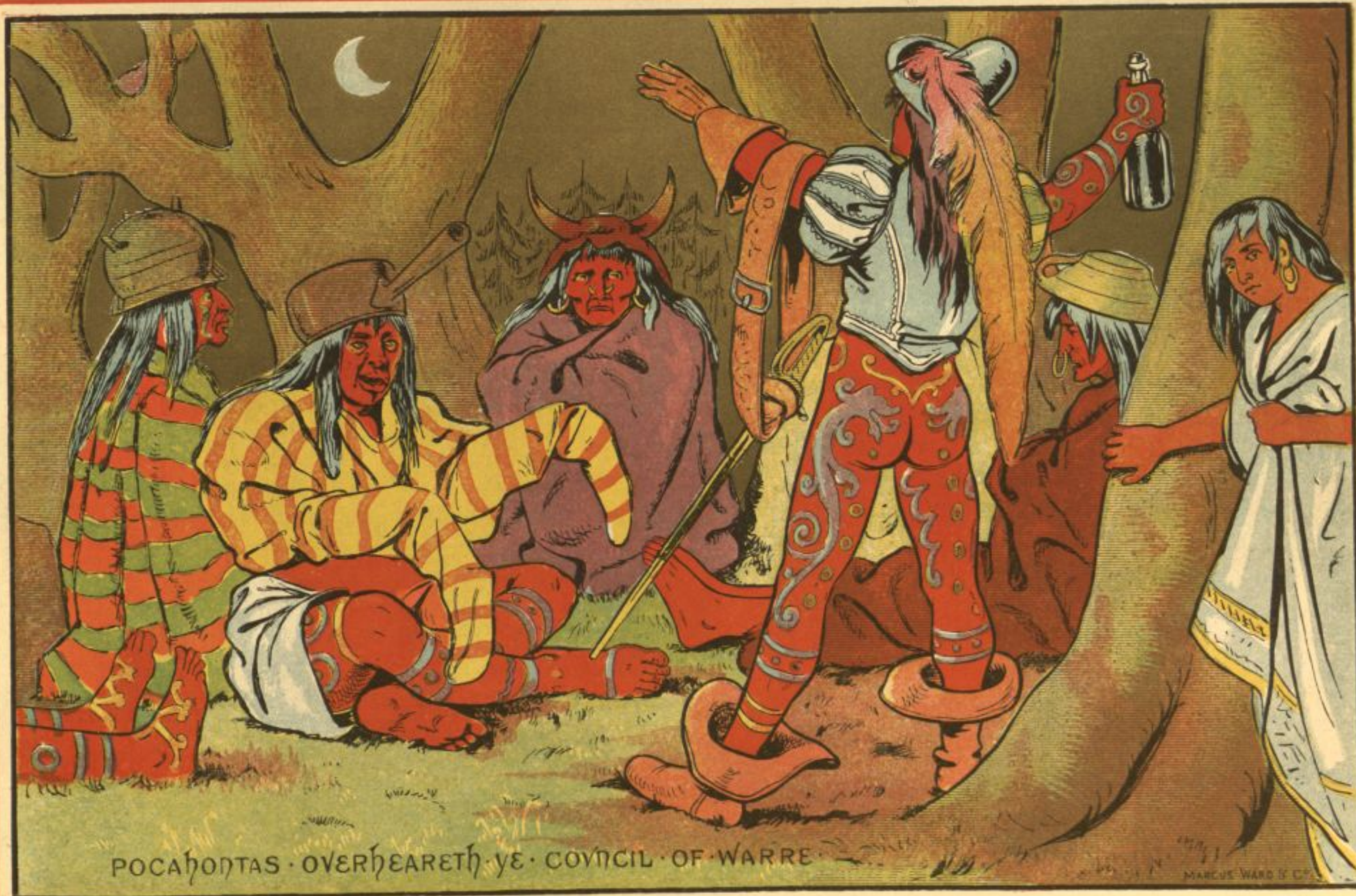
But Smith's not there—some English bow'r
For him some white rose bore;
Though well he knew our prairie flow'r
Had loved him in her core!
And lo! in London when they met,
In long, long after years,
How oft her paling bloom was wet,
With true soul's chastest tears!

XL.

For though our tale, from Fancy's wing,
Some tinted down displays,
The beauteous Indian maid we sing,
Once charmed the London gaze!
"La Belle Sauvage!" there found she rest,
Oh, softly sleep may she!
And, radiant as the golden west,
Be flower'd her memorie!



POCAHONTAS SAVETH YE LYFE OF CAPTAINE SMITHE.



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KING ALFRED AND OTHERS

(The Discoverer of the North Cape).

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Issued in the United States by kind permission of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Publishers.

KING ALFRED AND OTHERE, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Issued in the United States by kind permission of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Publishers.

I.

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

II.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery grey
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

III.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

IV.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

V.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

VI.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

VII.

"I own six hundred rein-deer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

VIII.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas;—

IX.

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep;—
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

X.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

XI.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

XII.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

KING ALFRED AND OTHERS.

Moderato.

Music composed by B. Hobson Carroll.
Poetry by Longfellow.

Fine.

O - THERE, the old sea cap - tain, Who dwelt in Hel - go - land, To King Al - fred, the Lov - er of Truth,

Brought a snow-white wal - rus tooth, Which he held in his brown right hand, Which he held in his brown right hand.

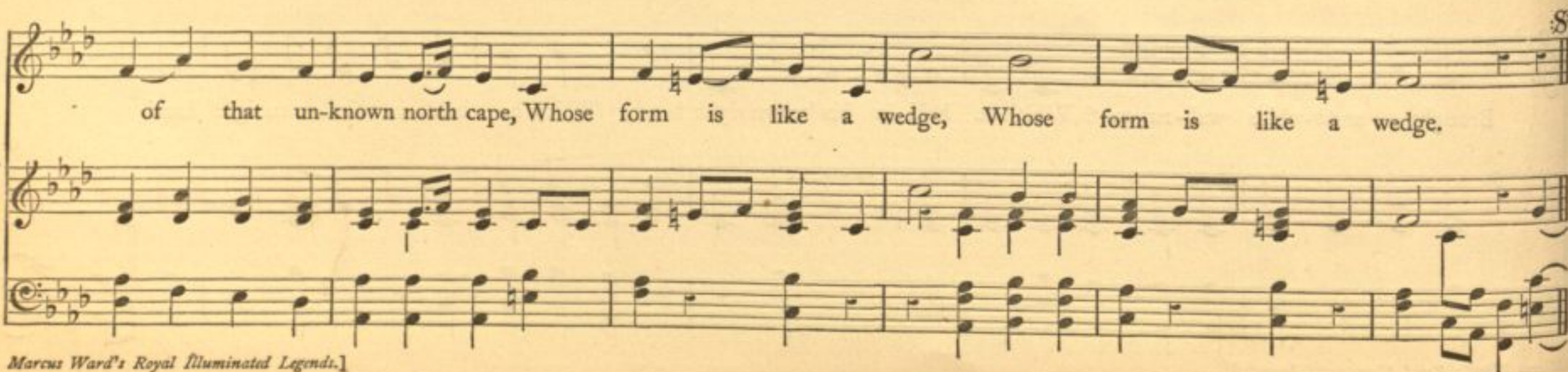
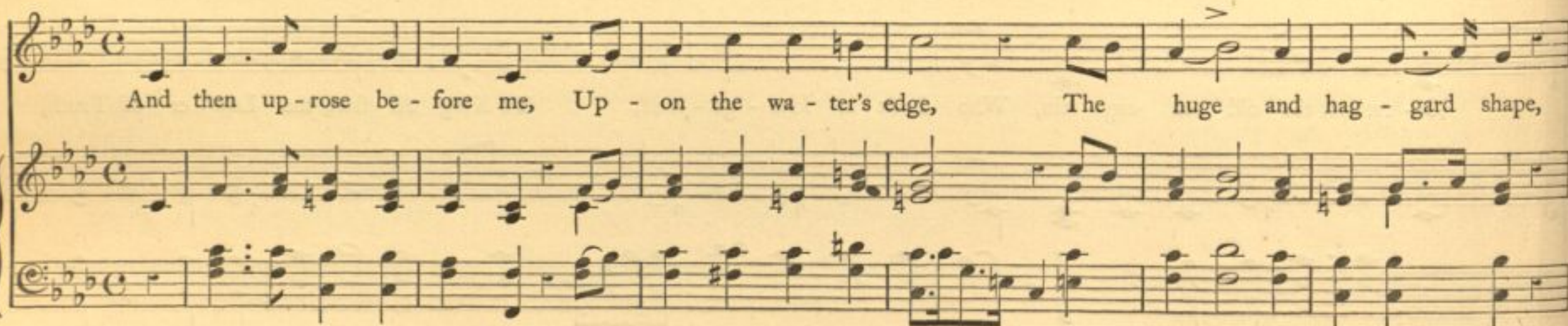
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system includes a piano introduction with a 'Fine' marking. The second system contains the first line of the song, and the third system contains the second line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures in both hands.

KING ALFRED AND OTHERS.

Moderato.

Music composed by B. Hobson Carroll.
Poetry by Longfellow.

Fine.



KING ALFRED AND O THERE, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.—*Continued.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Issued in the United States by kind permission of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Publishers.

XIII.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

XIV.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

XV.

"Four days I steered to eastward—
Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O, King,
With red and lurid light."

XVI.

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look
And an incredulous smile.

XVII.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen
And wrote down every word.

XVIII.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

XIX.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 'twas a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

XX.

"There were six of us altogether,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand.

XXI.

Here Alfred, the Truth-Teller,
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

XXII.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

XXIII.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"





KING ALFRED AND OTHERS.

Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth, Which he held in his brown right hand.



KING ALFRED AND OTHERS.

For the old seafaring men Came to me now and then



KING ALFRED AND OTHERS.

Round in a fiery ring Went the great sun, O King.



KING ALFRED AND OTHERE.

We killed of them threescore, And dragged them to the strand.

THE MARQUIS OF CARÁBAS;

Or, Puss in Boots.

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS; OR, PUSS IN BOOTS.

TOLD ANEW IN VERSE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

A jolly old miller once was—
We've not got the name on his door!—
Who fancied, and that with some cause,
He never would *mill* any more.

So, calling the sons of his pride—
His Mumphus, and Mosie, and Mat—
He ranged them along his bed-side,
With Polly, the family cat.

Said Mumphus, "Why, faither, look here,
Thy face is as white as thy meal!"
Quoth Mosie, "A drainin' o' beer
Might help him to tell us a deal."

The miller laid open his mouth,
And spake with a tear in his eye:
"I once had the darlin'est drouth,
But now, my dear fellows, it's by!"

"So, Mumphus, I leave thee my mill;
Give Mosie the ass; as for Mat,
I've made him all right in my will,
With Polly, the family cat!"

Sighed Mumphus, "I guess I'll be queer!
But the mill—wont I tickle her some!"
Poor Mosie but grinned, and, we fear,
His hair-dresser wasn't at home!

"O, father, dear father, man's wealth,"
Sighed Mat, "hath a wandering wing!
To me, you alive, and in health,
Were more than the crown of a king!"

"While," added the still weeping Mat,
"Your will is as wild as your words:
Can I live abroad with our cat—
And feed on the singing of birds?"

Now, Puss ran her tongue o'er her breast,
Though a twitch in her tail there was seen,
That clearly her musing exprest:

"Dear me—this poor fellow, how green!"
But, coolly, at length spake the cat:—
"Dear friend, like the thick o' the throng,
I enjoy my canary when fat—
Leaning rather to *soup* than to *song*!"

"But now, to save further disputes,
Be silent—be active—be wise!
Go, get me a pair o' top-boots,
And game-bag of moderate size."

Puss drew on the boots with an air!
And, thrusting her tail in a leg,
"You rabbits had better take care!"
She hummed, as she shouldered her bag.

She next in a warren was seen,
Adjusting her bag as a trap,
With bran, and with lettuces green,
And, presently, "Tip-a-tap-tap,"

She drummed on the cervical keys
Of a jolly young rabbit, full grown,
And soon, at her feet, if you please,
She swung him, as dead as a stone!

Then, humming a thoughtful "Ree-raw!"
Her teeth rather moistened, I fear;
She ran her tongue thrice o'er her paw,
And twirled the limb over her ear.

So, lifting her game, with a spring,
Away to the Palace she sped;
And, "Bring me, at once, to the King!"
She unto the servitors said.

The King, with his head very high,
And, foppishly strutting, appeared;
His Chancellor, glass at his eye,
Came stroking his swallow-tailed beard.

And thitherward, too, the Buffoon,
Approached with a rollicking jog,
He humming a bar of some tune—
His hand on the nose of his dog.

"Now, wilt thou keep back with that curl!"
The Chancellor muttered in ire;
"Dear me—what a valuable fur!
The stranger's a foreigner, sire!"

But knowingly winked the Buffoon,
And sneered, in his sleeve, "Not at all!"
Tray says he's 'the man o' the moon,'
With a 'Milky Way' under his shawl!"

But she, with most Grecian of bends,
And voice in her witchingest key—
"My master his compliments sends—
The Marquis Carabas is he—

"Requesting the King to accept
This rabbit, the finest I've seen;
And long, for grave reasons, I've kept
An eye on his lordship's demesne!"

"Hem! haw!" spake his Majesty, "Yes,
We'll graciously test it, good sir!"
Puss, leaving, half whistled a "Hiss!"
For Tray followed snuffing her fur.

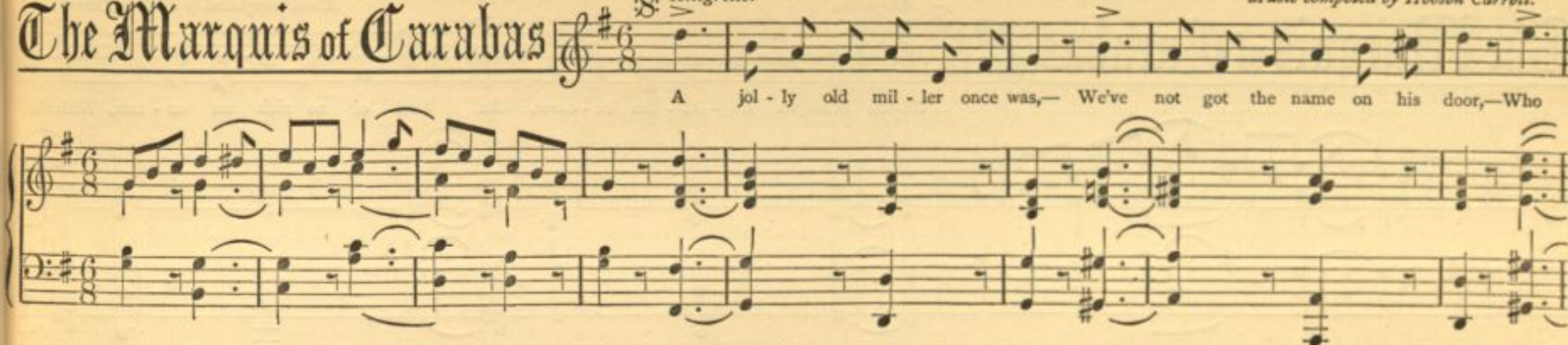
But, having thus opened her way,
To furnish the King with a dish,
Brave Polly returned every day,
With rabbit, with fowl, or with fish!

The Marquis of Carabas

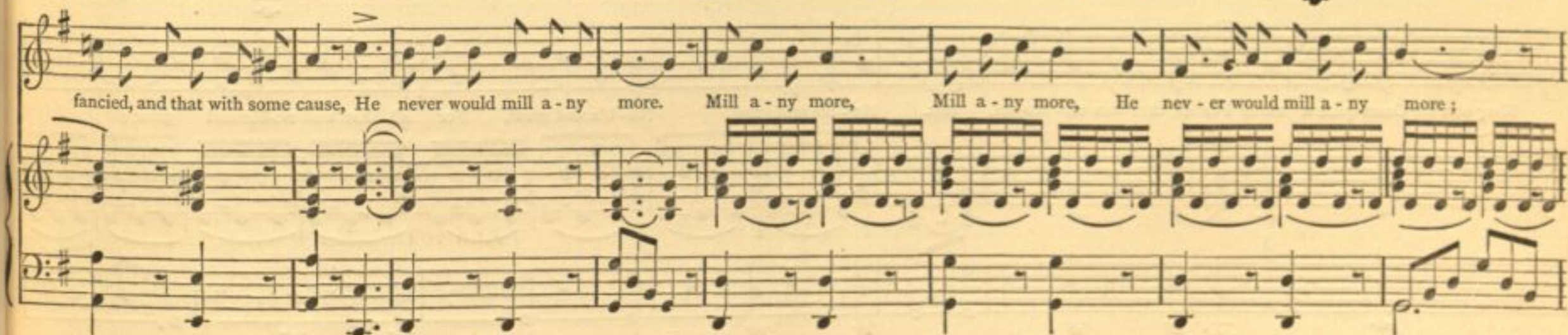
Allegretto.

Music composed by Hobson Carroll.

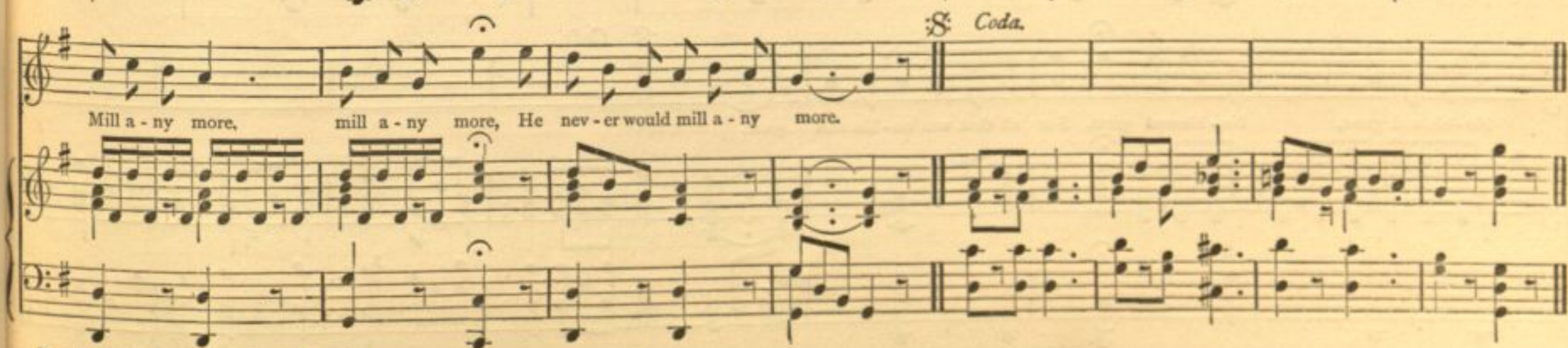
A jol - ly old mil - ler once was,— We've not got the name on his door,—Who



fancied, and that with some cause, He nev - er would mill a - ny more. Mill a - ny more, Mill a - ny more, He nev - er would mill a - ny more;



Coda.
Mill a - ny more, mill a - ny more, He nev - er would mill a - ny more.



The Marquis of Carabas

Allegretto.

Music composed by Hobson Carroll.

Till the Mar-quis Ca - rá - bas be - came, As lord of so rich an es - tate, With the

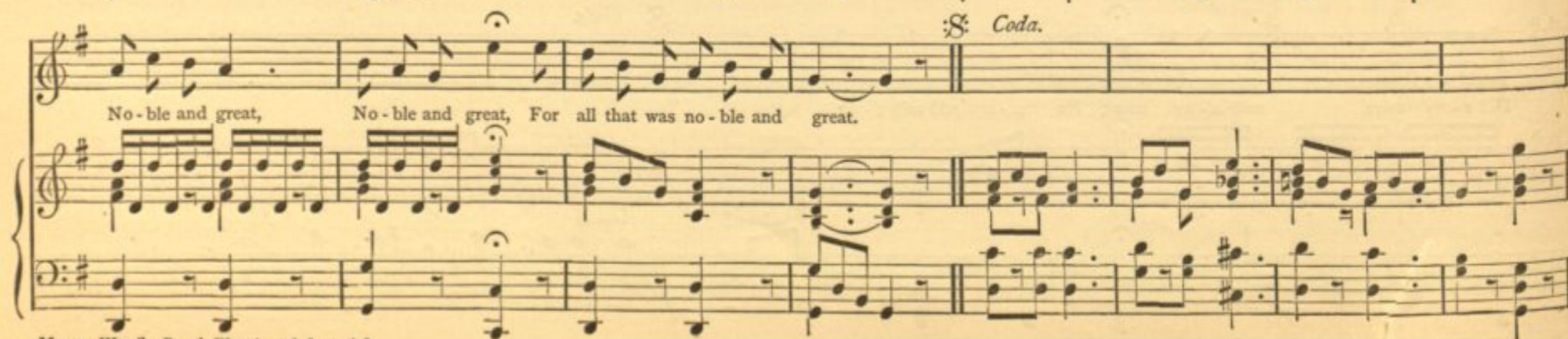


King and his Court quite a name For all that was no - ble and great. No - ble and great, No - ble and great, For all that was no-ble and great ;



No - ble and great, No - ble and great, For all that was no - ble and great.

Coda.



THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS; OR, PUSS IN BOOTS—*Continued.*

TOLD ANEW IN VERSE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

Till the Marquis Carábas became,
As lord of so rich an estate,
With the King and his Court quite a name
For all that was noble and great.

Now, one day, said Polly, "I think
'Tis time that the King you should see;
Come along, then," she said, with a wink,
"Get washed and be counselled by me!"

So Mat was at large in a stream, [there;
When the King and his daughter drove
And that princess!—well, save in a dream,
I ne'er saw a princess so fair!

But, lo! all at once rose a cry
That startled the courtiers around—
"The Marquis Carábas—oh, my!
His lordship is like to be drown'd!"
"His lordship! fly! save ye the man!"
And off went the King's coat and hat;
While Polly, pursuing her plan,
Soon coached with the Princess had Mat!

Oh, grief that a Puss of such mark,
So weak in her morals should be!
But cats are too fond of a *lark*,
To study the poets as we!
She flees, and her shout never slacks,
To farmers that work on each hand—
"Say ye, as ye value your necks,
This, *all*, is Carábas's land!"
"Dear me!" said the King, "his estates
Seem neither to end nor begin!"
But, lo, a large castle! The gates,
Our Polly, far foremost, steps in.

A terrible Ogre lived there,
And lord of the manor was he;
Puss bowed, with a simpering air—
"Your lordship!—delighted to see!"

"How kind!" said the Ogre—"My lord,
I'm told thou can'st alter thy shape;"
"Quite true, my dear sir, say the word,
Would you fancy a lion—or—ape?"

Then, straight, ere her wish she could say,
The man wriggled into the beast—
A lion, whose roar, by the way,
Didn't comfort her ear in the least.

"What a beautiful trick!" said the cat,
"But to see through your method I miss'd."
"Oh, as," said the Ogre, "for that,
It is all by a turn o' the wrist!"

"But showing such bulk in the beast,
Your sinews although it may strain,
In changing to one of our least,
Your lordship must suffer more pain?"

Dear life!—'tis to me all the same,
Your eyes be the judge!" answered he;
Next moment, a mouse he became—
"O, sweet little beauty!" cries she,

And gobbles him up—makes a spring,
And waves on a carriage, and calls—
"Most heartily welcome, O, King!
To the Lord of Carábas's Halls!"

All entered—had dinner—took wine—
The Princess assisted by Mat!
"Now, aint this a wonderful shine!"
Sat, winkingly thinking, the cat.

Now, Matthew was not at all *green*,
As Polly once seemed to divine;
For a gentleman Mat would have been,
If born and brought up with the swine.

He *felt* where the noble began,
As well could he note where it ceased;
For Nature had made him a man,
And man could not make him a beast!

His Majesty saw all we say,
As, musing, he sipped at his wine,
And said, in a dreamy-like way—
"To me, it seems wondrously fine!"

"I say, my dear lord!" he pursued,
"You've here quite a Princedom your own!
We're both, though, aware 'tisn't good
For man to be always alone!"

"I think you should wed!—On my life!"
Said his majesty, smiling around,
"If e'er you ask me for a wife,
We shan't travel far till she's found!"

The Princess—eh, dear! how she blushed;
But then, it was through *such* a smile!
Each breath, for a minute, was hushed,
Till Mat, in the Princeliest style,

Declared that his Majesty's words,
As heard through the hopes they conveyed,
Had made him the happiest of lords—
But wherefore repeat all was said?

For lord of both castle and lands,
Soon wed to the Princess was Mat;
And maybe, still after, on hands,
There wasn't some cream for the cat!



THE MILLER'S LEGACY.



PUSS PRESENTETH THE RABBIT TO THE KING.



PUSS VISITETH THE OGRE.



THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

THE HIND OF THE FOREST;

Or, the Enchanted Princess.

THE HIND OF THE FOREST; OR, THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

TOLD ANEW, IN VERSE, BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

I.

Ever lonely by the fountain,
Weeping sat the beauteous Queen;
For that wealth of healing waters
Could not soothe her woes, I ween.
And she sorrow'd—oh, how wildly!—
“What, alas, is crown or throne,
To the wife who is no mother—
Hath no darling babe her own?”

II.

Then, behold, the waters rippled,
And a cray-fish rose and spake:
“Wherefore weep'st thou, royal lady?
I am woeful for thy sake!”
Sudden marvel seized the hearer,
Laid as suddenly to rest,
By that voice's wondrous music,
And the sympathy exprest.

III.

“Wedded long, yet ever childless,
Oh, for ever woe is me!”
To that cray-fish by the fountain,
Thus, her tale repeated she.
Till, from out the crystal waters,
And on beams of rosy light,
Riseth, not the dingy cray-fish,
But a form of beauty bright!

IV.

And the fairy whispered, gently,
While her robes in diamonds shone:
“Hush, oh, hush thee, lovely weeper,
Thou shalt have a babe thine own!”
And the forest opes before them,
And a palace meets their gaze,
O'er whose porph'ry, pearl and purple,
Royal gold and diamonds blaze!

V.

Straightway, to the fairy palace
Is the queenly mourner led,
Where six shining fairies, kneeling,
Pour their blessings on her head.

Then, behold, a jewelled flower,
With this whisper, each bestows:
“Thou shalt bring to thee the giver,
By but breathing on her rose!”

VI.

Oh, the months have fled—how fleetly!
Oh, the joy of court and queen!
Since, to match the new-born princess,
Never beauty born hath been!
And around the young Désirée,
Lo! six shining fairies kneel—
By the jewelled flowers summoned,
To pronounce her future weal.

VII.

All that love could ask is granted—
Beauty, health, eternal youth;
Talents, truth, and witching manner—
All that's sweet to know, in sooth!
Tears of joy the mother weepeth—
Joy, alas, too swiftly o'er!
For a cray-fish, large and dingy,
Straineth through the creaking door!

VIII.

“Queen!” it muttered, “most ungrateful!
Hast thou, in thy flow'rier lot,
Me, the fairy of the fountain,
All my zeal and aid forgot?
List, then: for thine infant daughter,
Till her years be full fifteen,
If she see the golden sunlight,
Thou shalt rue the day, I ween.”

IX.

Having spoken, backward, slowly,
Crept the spiteful thing from view—
Ah, on earth, what wonders ENVY,
Linked with VANITY, can do!
Still for good, the good is mighty,
Howso' swift the evil run—
Soon a tower of pearls and diamonds,
Shutteth out the deathful sun!

X.

Fairy-built, and ornamented—
Quite the wonder of the years,
Rolling o'er the young Désirée,
Who, therein, as it appears,
Grew in beauty so exceeding,
That the brightness of her face
Shed around a dreamy halo,
As she moved from place to place!

XI.

Far and near, at length, her portrait
Doth its own bright story tell,
Till the heart of young Prince Warrior
Feeleth all it saith too well!
Oh, to meet her!—to behold her
Whom the sun hath never seen!
How he wept when told her story—
Praying, “Come, O, sweet Fifteen!”

XII.

How *his* portrait *her* entranceth!
How she lives but where it shines!
Ah, the twain! they're dying—dying—
Sick of Love's most fiery wines!
Let them but behold each other!—
Where there's will there's always way,
Trust to woman's wit, and ever
Woman's wit shall win the day!

XIII.

What, though yet, three months must over
Ere, by *day*, she walk a wife!
Love hath other food than sunlight—
As it is, she'll save his life!
So, a carriage, closely curtained,
To exclude the deathful ray,
And at midnight, *only* opened
For refreshments, by the way.

XIV.

Prayed for, hath the young Désirée,
Granted hath been, in the trust,
Good, for good, shall still be mighty,
And whatever must be *must*!

Royal was the train attendant—
Gillyflower, a maiden fair,
Most beloved, and tried, and trusted,
Made the Princess all her care.

XV.

Grizzel, too, and Grizzel's mother,
Waiting-women, went the twain—
Ah, that Grizzel, ancient damsel,
Out and in was vile and vain!
Yea, ambitious to a marvel—
Vowed hath she, in sooth, to lure
Young Prince Warrior from his darling,
And laid all her plans secure!

XVI.

Oh, the Bliss of bliss forbidden!
Who may grasp it, and refuse?
When shall Vice, or vicious Passion
Priv'lege apt, be slow to use?
From the fairy of the Fountain,
Grizzel, lately, caught a cue;
So, the travelling coach she punctured,
Till the golden beam slipt through.

XVII.

Then, behold, the young Désirée,
Seeing sunlight for the first,
With a sigh, a hind becoming,
From that faithless carriage burst!
Towards the forest, lo! she boundeth!
Now a hind as white as snow!
Still retaining human reason,
To make perfect human woe!

XVIII.

Who may know that heart of anguish!
While a storm of hail and rain
Scourgeth her and those would follow—
Scattereth all her royal train—
All, but faithful Gillyflower,
Whom a kindly fairy's arm,
On the track the hind hath taken,
Guideth through that magic storm.

THE HIND OF THE FOREST.

Andante con moto.

The antient music, arranged by B. Hobson Carroll.

Ev - er lone - ly by the

foun - tain, Weep - ing sat the beauteous Queen, For that wealth of heal - ing wa - ters Could not soothe her woes I ween. And she

murmur'd, oh how wild - ly, What, a - las! are crown and throne To the wife who is no mo - ther, Hath no dar - ling babe her own.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The melody is primarily in the Treble part, with accompaniment in the Alto and Bass parts. The lyrics are written below the Treble part. The score is divided into three systems, each with three staves. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

THE HIND OF THE FOREST.

Andante con moto.

The antient music, arranged by B. Hobson Carroll.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time, starting with a half rest followed by a quarter note G. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Meanwhile, though, that fals - est

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Griz - zel, Hath ar - rayed the bride to be, In Dé - si - rée's robes and jew - els, Still more hid - eous look - eth she. Soon the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including some chordal textures. The system ends with a double bar line.

Griz - zel, Hath ar - rayed the bride to be, In Dé - si - rée's robes and jew - els, Still more hid - eous look - eth she. Soon the

The third system continues the musical piece. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "love-sick Prince ap - proach - eth Her,—his bright af - fi - anced bride! How the suf - ferer, sink - ing, shuddered, As her gor - gon face he eyed." The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including some chordal textures. The system ends with a double bar line.

love-sick Prince ap - proach - eth Her,—his bright af - fi - anced bride! How the suf - ferer, sink - ing, shuddered, As her gor - gon face he eyed.

THE HIND OF THE FOREST; OR, THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.—*Continued.*

XIX.

Meanwhile, though, that falsest Grizzel,
Hath arrayed the bride to be,
In Désirée's robes and jewels,
Still more hideous looketh she !
Soon the love-sick Prince approacheth
Her,—his bright affianced bride !
How the sufferer, sinking, shuddered,
As her gorgon face he eyed !

XX.

What a foot, and frightful figure—
Hands, alone, strike Horror dumb !
Ah, thy raiment, ruined Princess,
Ill such ogress doth become !
Is there, O, most withering woman !
Shame nor pity in thy breast ?
"Wherefore gape these grinning wretches ?"
Grizzel thus the king addressed.

XXI.

Groaned the king with indignation,
Fainting sank the prince, and sighed :
"Bear me from that fearful presence !"
"Meaneth *me*, the wretch ?" she cried.
"Me, alas ! the bride, affianced,
Of that reptile called thy son !
Look you, sire, the king my father,
Both your heads shall grind to one !"

XXII.

Oh, what mutual indignations—
King and courtiers, all, how grieved !
Oh, that Fury, how she fumed—
Her "most royal heart deceived !"
Thus they met, and thus they parted ;
"Truth, for once, escaped the toil !"
Groaned the king, "And thus, for ever,
Short may be the reign of guile !"

XXIII.

Meanwhile, Gillyflower, the faithful,
Wandering through the forest green,
Meeteth with a friendly fairy,
Like a May-day morn in sheen !
Soon the mournful hind descry they—
Her who late a palace graced,
Like a tiny snow-wreath lying,
Lonely on that flowery waste.

XXIV.

Oh, how much that friendly fairy,
Grieved Désirée so to see !
Of the shining six who blessed her
In her cradle, chief was she.
Nathless, power and love are fruitless,
Tears and sighs may come and go—
She the sun must see, with sorrow,
'Till the times she may not know !

XXV.

"Still," exclaimed the weeping fairy,
"Something *may* be done for thee !
Though an elder sister's power
Mayn't be *all* o'er-ruled by me !
From the sun-dawn to its setting,
Thou shalt roam, the hind so white ;
From its setting to its rising,
Thou shalt be the princess bright !

XXVI.

"On the border of this forest,
Thou shalt find a little cot ;
Go and, with thy faithful maiden,
Wait the dawn of brighter lot !"
Spake the fairy thus, and vanished—
Gillyflower the hind embraced,
Who her head, with weepings human,
On the maiden's bosom placed !

XXVII.

Night approached, they reached the cottage,
Where, with aspect gently grave,
Sat a peasant matron knitting,
Who the kindly shelter gave.
Many days within that forest
Mope the meek and mournful twain ;
But each night, that hind so snowy,
Shines Désirée's self again !

XXVIII.

Thus it was, and oft repeated,
Till, behold, a hunter came,
Saw that hind of wondrous beauty—
Chased her as his only game ! [her !
Loved her—chased her—loath to wound
Till her heart grew sick and sore ;
Much she feared the deathly arrow,
Yet those woods she must explore !

XXIX.

Thus exploring, lo, the hunter
Saw she, as he lay and slept—
Saw, and knew her young Prince Warrior—
Knelt, and o'er the slumberer wept !
"White, white hind ! O, beauteous creature !
Wherefore wilt thou not be mine ?"
Through his slumber, sighed the hunter,
"Little knows that heart of thine,

XXX.

"What it is to love to wildness,
And for love to find deceit !"
Speaking so, his eyes he opened,
But that snow-white hind's to meet !
How she panted, wept, and trembled,
Licked his fingers—turned and fled !
Rising, wild, he sent an arrow
That her foot bedewed with red.

XXXI.

Wilder now, he flees, but hither,
While, with tears, her wound he binds,
Flees her anguished maiden, claiming,
This, the flower of all the hinds !
"Nay, she's mine !" exclaimed the hunter,
"Set her free !" the maid replied,
"Doubtless, then, she'll choose her owner—
Hither, darling, to my side !"

XXXII.

Lo ! with tears that seemed so human,
Did that hind from him depart,
Laid her on the maiden's bosom,
With an almost breaking heart !
" 'Tis enough !" he sighed, "I'm lonely,
And have little left me, here,
Worth the loving—little human !—
Hence that hind became so dear !

XXXIII.

"Take the beauteous creature—take her !
I was born but grief to know !"
Sighing thus, the prince departed,
Blind with tears and white with woe !
To his friend, the young Benacus—
Friend, and fellow-hunter, too—
Told he of the hind and maiden,
Both so wondrous fair to view !

XXXIV.

Time flew o'er—the hunters hunted,
Till three moons were almost by ;
"Sweet fifteen, I'll be to-morrow !"
Thought the hind, with bitter sigh,
As she cropt the tender flowers,
Led by Gill, in silken bands,
Where, behold, flash forth the hunters,
Till, transfixed, Benacus stands !

XXXV.

"Look you, prince !" with hot emotion,
Turned the youth, and blushed, and said,
"Here some wondrous mystery sleepeth—
Here's Désirée's favourite maid !"
All that day the hunters followed,
And, when hind and maid withdrew,
Still they followed, found the cottage,
Sought, and gained night-shelter, too !

XXXVI.

Then, behold !—oh, wonder—wonder !—
Young Benacus, through the night,
Pierced the chamber-wall, and, seeing,
Shrank, amazed before the sight !
In a blaze of silk and diamonds,
Sat the princess, with her maid,
Ever weeping—sighing, weeping,
For her dear-loved prince, she said.

XXXVII.

Oh, Prince Warrior—how he hasteth !
Bolts or bars as nothing seem !
Till he kneels before his darling,
Dazzled with her beauty's beam !—
Kneels till, lo ! the cottage-owner—
She the peasant, theretofore !—
Stands, confessed, the guardian fairy !
Breaks the spell for evermore !

XXXVIII.

Kneeling thus, by his Désirée,
Clasps the prince her fingers fair,—
Gillyflower, with young Benacus,
Moving out "to get the air !"

* * * * *
Thus, the fairy fable closes ;
Thus, to *me*, it seems to say :
If we pluck TO-MORROW'S roses
Tears may stain them, through TO-DAY !



MARCUS WARD & CO

THE FAIRY APPEARETH TO THE QUEEN.

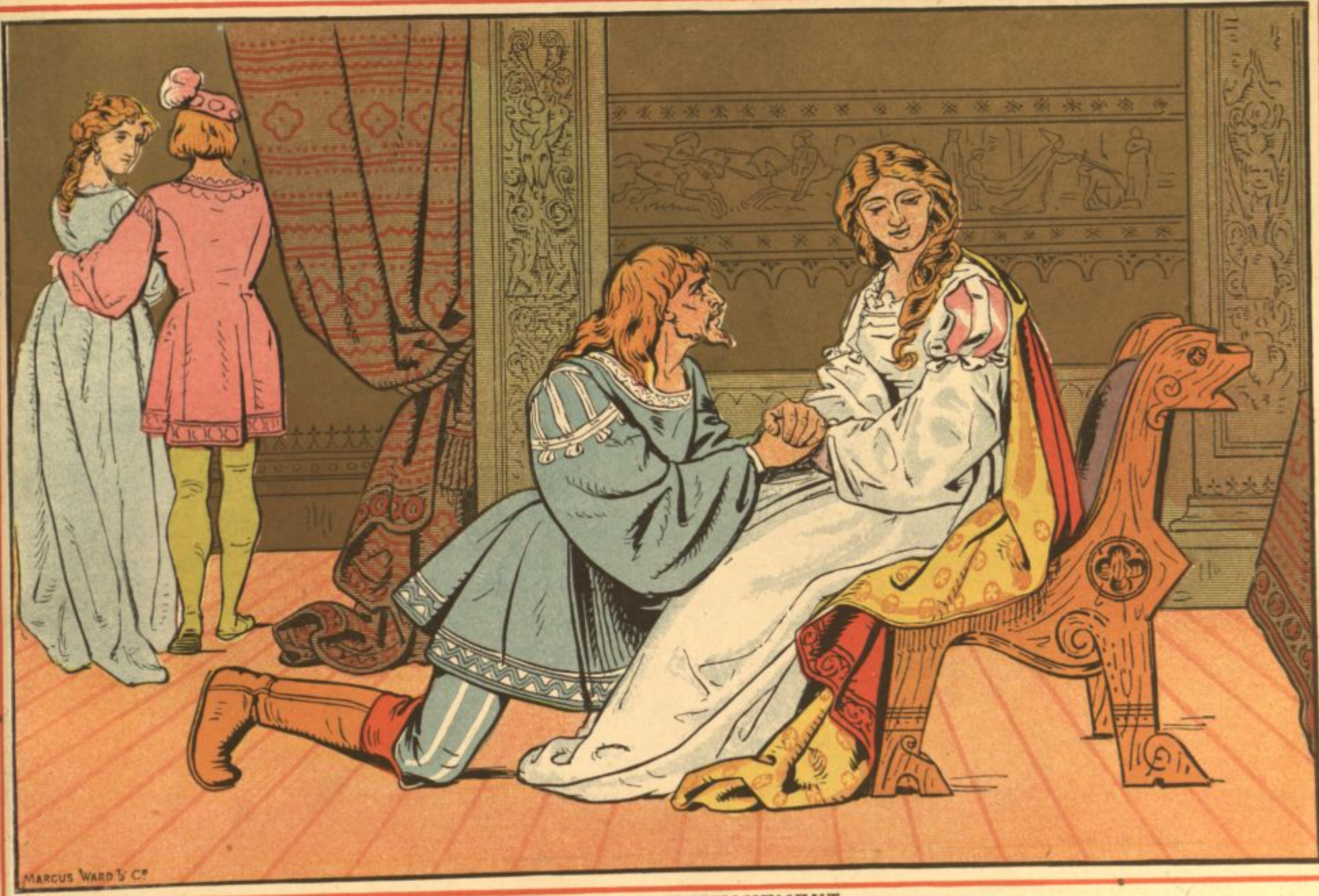


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•LONGTHORN • DECEIVETH • PRINCE • WARRIOR •

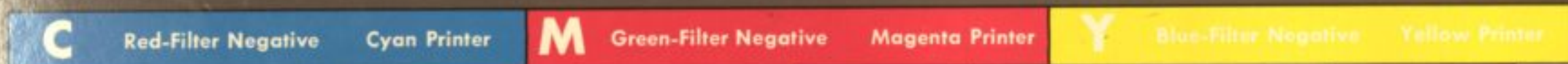


THE HUNTED HIND SEEKETH REFUGE WITH GILLIFLOWER.



END OF THE ENCHANTMENT.

KODAK GRAY SCALE



black	3-color	white	cyan	violet	magenta	primary red	yellow	green
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KODAK COLOR CONTROL PATCHES



These colors have been selected as representative of those inks commonly used in photomechanical reproduction.